

Through Gardens of Grief

At the Gates

Precious Flame of life, so Elusive
A spark being trampled to ashes
And spread by the winds of time

This garden is a silent one
Nothing moves but thoughts
The thoughts of those in silent memory
This they know, this they understand
There is darkness everywhere, outside

Morningstar forever set in Zenith
Uriel ruler of worlds
Saraqel set over spirits

the repulsive truth of this dark domain
The answer echoes throughout infinity
There are so many of us here
And we are all so lonely
We are among millions and still alone
We are in hell, and yet so cold
Gardens of Grief

There's no god to punish us, and yet we suffer
Throughout so many lifetimes in this garden I have dwelt